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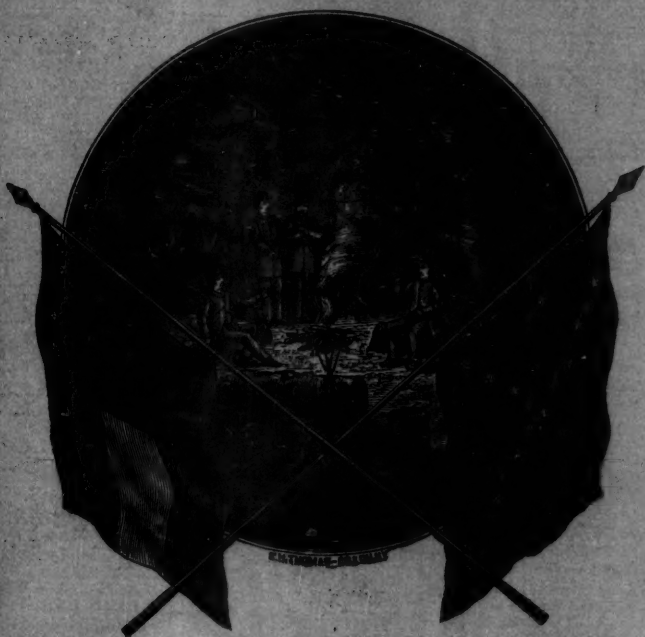
Vol. II.

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No. 2.

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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

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BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.*

The following account of the battle of Missionary Ridge refers in the main to the movements made on Bragg's right wing. In the November number a full account will be given of the attack on the center and left wing, with diagram of the positions of Confederate brigades:

Bragg's hard-won laurels at Chickamauga were wreathed with cypress at Missionary Ridge. There, Grant paid back the debt of Rosecrantz and Thomas who had saved the Federals from route at Chickamauga and gained greater fame by piercing Bragg's center.

Chattanooga, around which the battle was fought, is situated on the left bank of the Tennessee River, near the center of a crescent formed by a broken chain of mountains, beginning at Chickamauga Creek on the north and ending with the lofty peak of Lookout mountain on the south. The whole distance is from eight to ten miles, and Missionary Ridge, which lies nearly due east of Chattanooga, forms the main part of the chain being about five miles in length. After the battle of Chickamauga, the Federals took shelter in Chattanooga and were for more than a month in a state of siege.

Confederate rifle-pits in front of the mountain range were erected around the town, and there was no egress except by a road running along the south bank of the Tennessee, which was rough and exposed to incursions from Confederate cavalry. The difficulty of getting sufficient food daily increased and the Federals were threatened with starvation. Bragg, relying upon the power of hunger, made no attempt to force a surrender by arms. In the meantime, reinforcements for the Federals arrived in the neighborhood and the Confederates were put on the defensive.

*Extracts from a journal written twenty years ago.

On October 24th, Grant took command in person. On the 29th, Hooker, with a corps of fifteen thousand, forced his way in. Bragg was still so confident that he sent off Longstreet's corps to meet Burnside. While Grant was so doubtful that, after Longstreet was gone and Hooker had arrived, he refrained from attacking till Sherman came up with four divisions more.

The battle of Missionary Ridge really began on the 23d of November and lasted three days. On the 23d, Sherman began his attack on Bragg's right wing, his objective point being the strong position occupied by the Confederates under Gen. Cleburne, at Tunnel Hill. The first and second days were consumed in taking position near the main works. On the 24th, Hooker attacked and carried Lookout mountain, and on the 25th, Bragg was now attacked on his right, left, and center. Of the attack on Bragg's right Colonel Reginald Thompson, then a captain of an Arkansas company under Cleburne, says: "The enemy could be seen for more than a mile approaching in heavy masses, exposed to a sharp fire of artillery from the right and left of our position. I could see them huddling and breaking under the fire, and then, rallied by the gallantry of their officers, again surging forward.

"Three times they charged up to our breastworks and were repulsed. Frequently when getting near they would stop, out of breath, drunk or dazed, and stare at us. Our men would rush over the works and beat them with clubbed guns, for we constantly got out of ammunition. I remember seeing Colonel Elisha Warfield kill a Federal officer with a rock. The last repulse was late in the evening. We abandoned our position after dark, but not until the whole line to the left of us had been broken."

General Whittaker, a Federal, says that his brigade with Gross, attacked Rossville on the extreme left about eleven o'clock; that they met with very little resistance and drove the Confederates pell-mell. At the very beginning he captured Colonel Breckinridge. He remembers no artillery being fired by the Confederates. After the left was turned he continued to press Bragg's left, driving the Confederates before him. Major Semple, of Breckinridge's staff, corroborates this. The men on the extreme left were driven rapidly towards Bragg's center, and the news of this had a good deal to do with the giving away of the line held by Breckinridge's men. Breckinridge seemed to comprehend the importance of the attack on Lookout mountain. On the evening of the 24th, he sent Major Charles Semple to tell General Walthall to hold Lookout mountain at

all hazards. In going there he encountered, near the base of the mountain, the advancing Federals. His horse was killed, but he escaped on foot, and meeting on the face of the mountain a Confederate courier, rode his horse the rest of the journey, delivered the order, returned, and reached Breckinridge's headquarters about two o'clock at night. In the morning, it being reported that Colonel Breckinridge was killed, he was sent to the extreme left by the General. Five or six miles to the left of the center, he met, about twelve o'clock, the Confederates slowly retreating.

Of the fight on the center, we have learned little from eye-witnesses. This was directed and urged by Thomas, and here was the hardest fighting. It was about the right of Bragg's center, where may be located the following, as related by Samuel J. Watkins, in his book called "Co. Aytch:"

"The streaks of day had begun to glimmer over Missionary Ridge, and I could see in the dim twilight the Yankee guard not fifty yards off. Said I, 'Boys, let's fire into them and run.' We took deliberate aim and fired. At that they raised, I thought, a mighty sickly sort of yell and charged the house. We ran out, but waited on the outside. We took a second position where the railroads cross each other and they began shelling us from the river, but when we got on the opposite side of the railroad they ceased.

"I know nothing about the battle; how Grant, with one wing went up the river, and Hooker's corps went down Wills Valley, etc. I heard fighting and commanding and musketry all day long, but I was still on picket. Balls were passing over our heads, both coming and going. I could not tell whether I was standing picket for Yankees or Rebels. I knew that the Yankee line was between me and the Rebel line, for I could see the battle right over the tunnel. We had been placed on picket at the foot of Lookout mountain, but we were five miles from that place now. If I had tried to run in I couldn't. I had got separated from Sloan and Johnson somehow; in fact, was waiting either for an advance of the Yankees, or to be called in by the captain of the picket. I could see the blue coats fairly lining Missionary Ridge in my rear. The Yankees were swarming everywhere. They were passing me all day with their dead and wounded, going back to Chattanooga. No one seemed to notice me; they were passing to and fro, cannon, artillery, and everything. I was willing to be taken prisoner, but no one seemed disposed to do it. I was afraid to look at them, and I was afraid to hide, for fear some one's attention would be attracted toward me. I wished I

could make myself invisible. I think I was invisible. I felt that way anyhow; I felt like the boy who wanted to go to the wedding, but had no shoes. Casabianca never had such feelings as I had that livelong day.

Say, Captain, say, if yet my task be done?
And yet the sweeping waves rolled on
And answered neither yea nor nay.

"About two or three o'clock, a column of Yankees advancing to the attack swept right over where I was standing. I was trying to stand aside to get out of their way, but the more I tried to get out of their way, the more in their way I got. I was carried forward, I knew not whither. We soon arrived at the foot of the ridge, at our old breastworks. I recognized Robert Brank's old corn-stalk house, and Alf Horsley's fort, an old log house called Fort Horsley. I was in front of the enemy's line and was afraid to run up the ridge and afraid to surrender. They were ordered to charge up the hill. There was no firing from the Rebel lines in our immediate front. They kept climbing and pulling and scratching until I was in touching distance of the old Rebel breastworks, right on the very apex of Missionary Ridge. I made one jump, and I heard Captain Turner, who had the very four Napoleon guns we had captured at Perryville, halloo out, 'Number Four, solid!' and then a roar. The next order was, 'Limber to the rear.' The Yankees were cutting and slashing and the cannoneers were running in every direction. I saw Day's brigade throw down their guns and break like quarter-horses. Bragg was trying to rally them. I heard him say, 'Here is your commander,' and the soldiers hallooed back, 'Here is your mule.'

"The whole army was routed. I ran on down the ridge, and there was our regiment, the First Tennessee, with their guns stacked, drawing rations as if nothing was going on. Says I, 'Colonel Field, what's the matter? The whole army is routed and running; hadn't you better be getting away from here? The Yankees are not a hundred yards away. Turner's Battery has surrendered, Day's brigade has thrown down their arms, and look yonder, that is the Stars and Stripes.' He remarked very coolly, 'You seem to be demoralized. We've whipped them here. We've captured two thousand prisoners and five stands of colors.'

Just at this time General Bragg and staff rode up. Bragg had joined the Church at Shelbyville, but he had back-slid at Missionary Ridge. He was cursing like a sailor. Says he, 'What's this? Ah,

ha, have you stacked your arms for a surrender?' 'No, sir,' says Field. 'Take arms, shoulder arms, by the right flank, file right, march,' just as cool and deliberate as if on dress parade."

The following account by John L. Jackman, private Ninth Kentucky Infantry, has reference only to the fight on Bragg's right wing:

November 25th, 1863. At two o'clock in the morning our brigade was ordered to fall in, except our battery, which was left behind near General Bragg's headquarters, and we took up our line of march toward the extreme right of our army, following the road leading along on top of the ridge. The moon was then in total eclipse, and as the shadow passed away the scene around us was wierd in the extreme. A deep silence prevailed, the only noise being the tramp of the soldiers as the column moved steadily on.

At daylight we formed in reserve to General Cleburne's division, a short distance to the right of the tunnel on the Chattanooga and Cleveland railroad. The morning was clear and frosty and the sun came up in great splendor. All around us the hills were covered with forests, and the sound of hundreds of axes was ringing out on the crisp morning air, which came from Cleburne's division in front of us, throwing up hasty breastworks of logs on top of the ridge in anticipation of an early advance of the enemy. We had not been halted long before a fine-looking regiment that had been doing post duty at Savannah, Georgia, formed on a hill to our left. It had never before been in active service at the front; was about twelve hundred strong, and being neatly uniformed, well-armed, and having much soldierly bearing, we expected to see it do some good fighting during the day. But much to the amusement of the "old veterans," when about nine A.M. our artillery in front opened a heavy fire on the advancing columns of the enemy, this bright, new-looking regiment scattered through the woods like a flock of frightened birds, the soldiers being panic-stricken at the noise of our own cannon. Details were sent from the reserve to gather them up and bring them to the "scratch," and no doubt they retrieved themselves ere the day was done, but, as our regiment was soon after moved to the front line to fill up an interval between Smith's Texas brigade and Liddell's Arkansas brigade, we saw no more of them during the day. Our regiment was formed across a ravine with a hill on either flank and one in front and rear, so that we were virtually in a sink-hole surrounded by woods during the whole battle and saw but very little of the general engagement.

About ten A.M. the enemy advanced against us and we had to

"face the music" without even a temporary breastwork for protection; but as the Federals came charging down the hill at us only one line deep, we drove them back after a brief engagement of some fifteen or twenty minutes, our loss being very light, as most of the enemy's fire passed over us. Bledsoe's Missouri battery was stationed on a hill to our rear, and kept up a brisk fire of shrapnel over our heads whenever the Federals appeared on the hill in our front. We were not again engaged during the day, and ours was the only regiment in the brigade that fired a gun, the others being held in reserve and were not called upon. There was heavy fighting in front of Smith's brigade on our left, however, and several times during the afternoon the enemy advanced against him from five to seven lines deep, but the gallant Texans from behind their temporary breastworks, drove the foe back, inflicting great loss at each successive assault. Late in the afternoon during a lull in the battle, I went upon the hill to our left occupied by a Texas regiment to get a view of the field in front, and upon peering over the breastworks for that purpose the minies from the Federal sharpshooters swarmed around my head like bees, which caused my observation to be of exceedingly short duration. In the afternoon the roar of cannon off to our left was very loud, but we were in ignorance as to how the battle was going. When night came on, all became quiet in front, and we commenced kindling fires and raking up leaves upon which to sleep, anticipating a good night's rest, and believing that our army had been successful all along the line. About seven, P.M., however, we were ordered to fall in quietly, and our brigade marched back toward the railroad bridge across the Chickamauga. The rumor was immediately started among the soldiers that the enemy was attempting a flank movement on the right, above where the Chickamauga empties into the Tennessee, and that we were on our way to intercept the movement. Before arriving at the bridge, we passed a straggling soldier who stated that our army had been cut to pieces, and he repeated the old, old story, that of his regiment he alone had escaped! Our men scoffed at the idea of any such defeat, and accused the soldier of having improperly left the field and advised him to return to his command at once. Soon after, when we reached the bridge, we saw a detachment of cavalry preparing to set it on fire as soon as our brigade was over—Cleburne's division had already passed us—which aroused a suspicion that something had gone wrong. Then again, instead of turning to the left, as we had expected, we moved to the right toward Chickamauga Station, our base of supplies, where we

arrived about ten P.M., and found our whole army there in no little confusion, thus confirming in a great measure, the report of the straggling soldier we had seen on the road. We halted within a short distance of the station and bivouacked for the remainder of the night.

What was a sore thing to our brigade was the news that the guns of our battery, which we had left near General Bragg's headquarters, had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The battery was composed of fine Napoleons and each had its name neatly engraved thereon, such as "Lady Breckinridge," "Lady Buckner," etc. It was some satisfaction to learn, however, that Captain Gracey had poured canister into the advancing lines of the enemy long after his support was gone, and that he only abandoned his pieces upon being in a manner surrounded and the foe at the muzzle of his guns.

November 26th. At daylight our army had all disappeared, and it fell to the lot of our brigade to cover the retreat on the main road leading southward through Graysville to Ringgold. We first took position in some old earth-works on the left of the railroad near the station, but as the enemy was advancing in force on the right of the railroad, we soon after moved across to a low range of hills a short distance from the station, and over which our road led. While making this movement the enemy treated us to a few shells at long range. Our line was formed on the crest of the hills, which were heavily timbered, and the movements of the enemy could not be seen from this position. At a high point a little to the left and in front of our regiment, which occupied the left of the line, the timber had been cut down, and from this spot a good view could be had of the surrounding country. Company D was thrown forward as skirmishers from our regiment, and Lieutenant Webb, of that company, and myself, with General Lewis's field-glasses, went upon this hill to watch the movements of the enemy, and report by "telegraphing" down the skirmish-line. Out in front the enemy was advancing in several lines, and line after line of skirmishers was being sent forward. A squad of our cavalry had set Chickamauga Station and other public buildings on fire, and the flames were fast eating them up. Immediately in our rear were open fields, and in a long lane stood our supply-train, or only moving by inches, as it were, owing to some obstruction ahead. But presently a Federal battery unlimbered in front and commenced throwing shells over us. Suddenly there was a great popping of whips and loud yelling of teamsters, and the wagon train was soon lost to sight in the woods beyond, much to our satisfaction.

A couple of ladies who had left their homes near the station were on the hill near us watching events, and seemed in ecstasies at the prospect of witnessing a battle, and were very impatient for the conflict to commence; but when the first shell shrieked over they set up a little shriek of their own and were also soon lost to view. The advance skirmish-lines of the enemy had then entered the woods, and we expected every moment the firing would commence. There were now some half dozen of us on the little hill, but we had been so intent watching the movements in front that our brigade, in order to keep from being flanked on the right, had fallen back unobserved by us, skirmish-line and all. Lieutenant-Colonel Wickliffe, then in command of the regiment, had sent Tom Berry back to inform us of the retrograde movement, and just as he came up the Federals fired into us, and two or three of our party fell. This was enough to cause us to move lively down the hill toward the rear. Whaley bounded over the branches of the fallen trees with the agility of an antelope. Sergeant Carroll, who measured six feet six, in attempting to pass under the trunk of a fallen tree that did not quite reach the ground, got his knap-sack hitched so that he could neither get forward nor back, and the way he made the sticks and leaves fly in scrambling out was amusing. He finally succeeded in extricating himself, however. Webb and I happened to strike a little path that led down to the open field, and when I got to the ten-rail fence I cleared it with great ease. In doing so I looked back over my shoulder and saw that the spot we had just left was "blue" with the enemy, while up to our left, scarcely a hundred yards off, the Federal skirmishers were swarming over the fence into the field; and the bullets were flying pretty thick. Tom Berry, with a sack of hard-tack swung over his shoulder which he had brought away from the station, was ahead of us all and striking square across the open ground. The Federals commenced yelling to him, "Run, you d—d fat Rebel, run!" Tom, still holding on to his hard-tack, looked over his shoulder and shouted back, "I'll do it!" which caused great shouts of laughter from the Federals, and they ceased firing in order to see Tom run. Taking advantage of this, the rest of us bore off to the right and all got across the field in safety, only having a few straggling shots fired at us. We found our command in line of battle in the woods beyond, awaiting the advance of the enemy.

The foe did not seem disposed to press us further, however, and we fell back leisurely toward Graysville. Just before reaching that place we passed Gist's S. Cav. and Manney's Tenn. brigades, which

were in line guarding a road coming in from the left and intersecting with the one we were on. Soon after passing these troops we heard them open up a brisk skirmish with the enemy that came up in front on the road they were guarding. As darkness was setting in, we crossed the bridge over a small river at Graysville, and the road being clear, we moved steadily on toward Ringgold. About half way between Graysville and the latter place, however, where a road intersecting the one we were on came in from the direction of Chattanooga, the enemy in ambush fired into a section of Ferguson's battery, which was coming on in our rear, and the horses being shot down, the guns were captured. The caisson which was slightly in advance of the pieces escaped the fire and came flying down the road, scattering our column to the right and left as it passed along, thus getting out in safety. Our brigade was quickly formed in line of battle across the road at the base of a range of hills over which our route led, and we awaited further developments. We were surrounded by a dense woods and in the darkness could see nothing to indicate the force of the enemy. After the first volley there was only desultory firing, the bullets flying over us at random. The enemy set up a most infernal howling like a pack of wolves that had succeeded in surrounding the prey, and from the noise that was made there must have been at least a division. After waiting for some time for the enemy to attack and failing, we resumed our march toward Ringgold. The drivers of the caisson afterward told us that one of the guns got stuck in a little rivulet that crossed the road, and in attempting to pull out considerable noise was made; that while thus engaged some one on the side of the road asked whose battery it was, and when told, the order was given to fire, which was followed by a volley that swept down horses and cannoneers alike. Why our column was not fired into is a mystery. Before reaching this point we had been cautioned to march in silence, as the enemy was expected in front, and Company H of our regiment had been deployed as flankers to the right. The men of this company informed us that when they reached the place where this road came in they suddenly found themselves among a large body of troops, but in the darkness could not be positive whether friend or foe. No questions were asked the members of Company H and they asked none, but marched square on through. Lieutenant Buchanan, in command of the company, soon became convinced that he was in the midst of the enemy, but deemed it the better plan to say nothing to his men.

Meanwhile our column marched on past, the men "bull-ragging"

what they considered Confederate stragglers on the road-side, yet in truth were Federal soldiers. Generals Gist and Manney, who were coming on some distance in our rear, heard the firing, and reached Ringgold by a different route. It was nearly midnight when we arrived on the bank of a little river near that town. The soldiers had their choice to wade through, the water being about waist deep, or go around by a bridge, which required a march of some two miles further. Many waded. Andy C. and I paid a teamster two dollars each to take us over on a very diminutive mule which we both mounted at the same time. Andy being a very large man, the little animal became very restive under the load it had to carry, and when we neared the center of the stream, demonstrations were made as though it intended to lie down with us. This caused us to use our heels with great vigor, and we finally got over without being ducked. Our brigade bivouacked on the far bank, in the edge of town, the remainder of the night.

November 27th. We were awakened early in the morning by the advance guard of the enemy firing at us from across the river. We fell in and moved back through town and passed Cleburne's division occupying a strong position in the "Gap" south of the place. We had not gotten far on the road toward Tunnel Hill when Cleburne opened a heavy fire, and we had to go double quick back to his support, but by the time we reached him, he had driven the enemy back with great slaughter. We remained in supporting distance of this division during the rest of the day, having marched and counter-marched over the road several times, and finally bivouacked near Tunnel Hill for the night. Soon after dark a heavy rain commenced pouring down, which kept up all night, and sleep was out of the question.

November 28th. When morning came our brigade was posted in line of battle a short distance south of Tunnel Hill, where we had to stand patiently in a pelting rain until noon. Then Cleburne's division passed us, and soon after we followed on, marching on the railroad. Late in the afternoon we arrived within half a mile of Dalton, and bivouacked for the night among some old hospital buildings. The weather turned very cold, and we had to sit by the fires all night, one side roasting and the other freezing.

THE SOUTHERN DEAD.

BY ALEXANDER EVANS.

Your bars are rob'd in shroud of night ;
Your land is clothed in gloom ;
Each soldier with his armor bright
Has met a glorious doom.

You've furl'd your banners to the foe ;
Your warrior race is run ;
Your mold'ring hearts will never know
The glory you have won.

Your silent forms are sleeping now
On Southern battle-field ;
And brightest fame, with golden brow,
Has bath'd your bloody shield.

The hoary years may roll away,
And centuries sink in night,
But time will give a brilliant ray
To Southern soldiers' fight.

Although your flag was furl'd at last
On old Virginia's plain,
You wav'd it through each battle's blast
Without a spot or stain.

Though far from your lov'd native State,
In silence now you sleep ;
The living shall your deeds relate,
Your fame untarnished keep.

No storm can dim the glorious name
You won on Malvern's brow ;
But time will tell your radiant fame
Till worlds in ruins bow.

On Chickamauga's bloody plain
You sleep in endless night,
But glory with her golden chain
Will keep your honor bright.

Stone River's tide will ever tell
The victory that you won,
And Chickamauga's cannon swell
The dauntless deeds you've done.

The Southern sun with golden ray
Shall gild your woodland tomb,
And smiling moon at close of day
Shall light each warrior's gloom.

Kentucky's sons now peaceful sleep
 In Georgia's golden breast,
 And million hearts their vigils keep
 To shield their quiet rest.

On many a Southern battle-field
 Your pulseless forms repose;
 The virgin grass your only shield,
 Your tomb the forest rose.

The soldiers from the Land of Flowers*
 On Mission Ridge now sleep,
 And glory in her sacred bowers
 Her sentry watches keep.

Nor time, nor years, nor winter's blast
 Can dim your deeds of fame;
 Upon war's pillar have you cast
 A gold enduring name.

Then sleep in peace, ye Southern brave,
 No woes disturb your breast;
 You stack'd your arms at glory's grave
 And found a hero's rest.

ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

About noon of their third day's travel they were ambling along a good piece of flat-woods road quite briskly, intending if possible to reach the Matansas River before stopping to rest and water their stock. Their supply of provisions was about exhausted and they expected to get enough there to last them to St. Augustine.

An old fisherman lived on the Matansas near where the road would go, and from him they intended to procure a fresh supply. In less than another day they would be safe in the Federal lines, and the thought of approaching security lent an air of gayety to the demeanor of Captain Harkins which had been a stranger thereto for some time past. Newt was loudly singing a negro plantation melody and every once and awhile the captain went so far as to join him in the chorus. They had reached and were crossing a small swampy slough called a branch in that country, when within a pace or two of the opposite side

*The Florida brigade, which was in Breckinridge's division.

they halted to allow their animals to drink. The captain's horse had lowered his head and just begun to drink when they were startled by the sharp click caused by the cocking of a gun. Looking up Captain Harkins was overwhelmed by the sight of Montholon standing not ten feet away with his gun cocked and bearing directly upon the captain's body. The captain's first idea was immediate flight, but the vision of that terrible gun was too much for his nerves, a wave of cowardice came rolling over his soul commanding instant submission. He saw by the stern and unrelenting look upon Montholon's face that he was engaged in no child's play. Not so Newt, for raising his head he took in the situation at once, and seeing only one man, whom he instantly recognized, and seeing that his entire attention was given to Captain Harkins, he wheeled his mule and with considerable precipitation retraced his steps as fast as his mule could carry him. So soon as he had reached a safe distance, however, he halted in order to ascertain the fate of his companion.

In the interim Harkins mustered sufficient courage to ask Montholon what it was he desired, and was quickly commanded to advance and dismount, which he did with extreme reluctance. Not knowing what his destiny was, but imagining the worst, Harkins began begging for his life in the most pitiful manner. "I do not intend to take your miserable life," said Montholon, "if I can possibly avoid it. That is forfeited to the law which you have violated, and the law shall deal with you. Wretched poltroon," he added, "I thought you had some spark of manhood about you. A skunk would show fight. You are more cowardly than a skunk, and yet you pretend to the hand of Irene DeBoin—bah!" and he turned on his heel with a look of ineffable scorn—"follow me." Harkins did as he was bid. About a hundred yards distant they came to the place where Montholon had picketed his horse. Here producing a rope and trace-chain he proceeded to bind Captain Harkins to his horse in such a way as to make it seemingly impossible he should escape. He had seen and recognized Newt at the branch, but observing him run off and having secured the object of his pursuit, he paid no further attention to him, fully expecting that he would either return home or keep on to St. Augustine. Mounting his own horse and leading the captain's, he struck out for home by the way he had come. As soon as Newt saw this, he came to the conclusion not to desert his companion. He knew from Montholon's actions that there was no one with him, and being a sharp, shrewd boy he thought that by following his trail some opportunity would offer which would enable him to

help the captain. Harkins during the trip had treated him as an equal, laughing, joking, and chatting at all times on terms of equality, so that he had conceived quite a friendship for him, in addition to which he had made Newt many fine promises, all of which would come to naught if Montholon kept him a prisoner. He was a boy of much boldness, too, besides intelligence, and he thought that Montholon's vigilance would have to be sleepless if some chance didn't happen whereby he could liberate the captain.

With these ideas floating through his mind, Newt followed the pair, but in such a way as to avoid discovery, until about dark he saw Montholon halt in a clump of palmetto trees near a small creek, and dismounting, assist his prisoner to do the same. Newt felt satisfied that they proposed to camp at this place for the night, so he sought a safe spot for himself and mule, lower down the creek, but at such a convenient distance as to be handy in case the expected opportunity offered itself. All of this country was wild and uninhabited—low, flat, and swampy. Sometimes a person might ride a day's journey without seeing a sign of habitation. It was this way almost to Lake Weir, and neither of these parties had met or passed an individual on their respective routes. Montholon, therefore, had no fear of interruption, and never dreamed of his prisoner's escaping him. He felt that now he had him; that he was as safe as though lodged in the Ocala jail. His hound would notify him of the approach of any one, should so singular an occurrence happen. Newt he left out of the account altogether—not the remotest idea that he would attempt the rescue of his prisoner ever crossed his brain. If it had, he might have made some alteration in his plans, for he knew that Newt was often at his father's, and was on as friendly terms with the hound almost as he was himself. In this frame of mind, then, he prepared for the night. Fastening Captain Harkins securely to a tree, he fed the horses with a few ears of corn which he produced from his wallet, and satisfying his own hunger and that of his prisoner, he lay down near him intent upon passing the night as best he could. Shortly after Montholon dozed off in that half-waking, half-slumbering condition which is the prelude to the passage into utter oblivion of the heavy sleeper he woke with a start, thinking he had heard some one whistling in the woods, but after listening attentively for a while he lay down again, believing it to have been a dream. Harkins heard it also, and recognized it as a signal from Newt, but as soon as he saw Montholon's movement he closed his eyes and breathed heavily as though fast asleep from sheer exhaus-

tion, and so Montholon believed him to be, when he lay down again, this time to a sound and uninterrupted sleep. The dog also heard it, and knew the sound to be that of a friend, and just before Montholon had started from his couch of straw, had risen, and shaking himself in a half-tired and reluctant manner, as though hating yet wishing to go, stretched himself and walked off leisurely into the bushes to where Newt sat against the root of a huge oak, wagging his tail in glad recognition of a friend. This was what Newt had reckoned on, and the minute the hound reached him he put a rope he had prepared for the occasion around his neck, and, leading him to where his mule was, fastened him close by to a young sapling.

Having done this much, he returned to his post of observation. It was now past midnight. The moon's pale light could be seen reflected through the tree-tops, above which she had just risen, while the stars shone brightly overhead in a clear blue sky. The night was deliciously pleasant and nothing disturbed the harmony of nature except the usual sounds of the wilderness, strange, wierd, and full of melancholy music to the listener. Suddenly Harkins, who had failed to sleep because of the fears excited by his situation—the distress and pain occasioned by his thongs, together with the hopes aroused by the knowledge that Newt would certainly do something to relieve him, thought he heard an unusual sound close by. It was impossible to turn his head in that direction, but he listened intently, and the more he listened the more certain he became of hearing some one creeping toward him. He could see Montholon fast asleep partly in the shadow and partly in the moonlight, so he knew that it was not he. Who then could it be but Newt? Nearer and nearer it came, stopping at intervals, occasionally for so long a time that Harkins began to fear that Newt had abandoned the attempt. Presently Montholon groaned in his sleep, became restless and half arose from his recumbent position. All hope fled; Harkins was sure he had heard what was going on and would soon have Newt in his power. Then alas! would hope be dead indeed. But pretty soon he quieted down and fell off once more into the dreamless sleep of the tired. A moment or two more, and Newt, for it was really he, had cut the ropes by which the captain was tied and he was once more a free man.

"Easy, now," said Newt, "follow me just as quietly as you can."

"Hold on a moment," replied the captain in the same whispered tones, "lend me your knife a second."

Newt passed him the knife, thinking that he wished to cut loose

the horses. Harkins took the knife; a moment more, when Newt looked around for him he saw him stooping over the body of Montholon, he saw an upraised arm, he saw something glitter in the moonlight, and ere he could call out to stay the terrible deed, Harkins had plunged the knife into the heart of the sleeping man. A deep groan followed the act; a convulsive shuddering passed over the body, and Montholon's livid face, sternly set in death, turned its sightless eyes to the bright stars which gleamed so calmly down upon the murderous act. The whole act was done so quickly that Newt had had no time to call a warning to the sleeping victim, and he now stood rooted to the spot, utterly overcome, while Harkins ejaculated as he again thrust the knife into Montholon's body, "Take that, you scoundrel! You will never cross my path again, you villain!" and he kicked his dead victim with a venomous spite as he stooped and felt to see if there was any life still left in the body before him.

As he arose and turned away, a deep, long, and melancholy howl reverberated through the silent midnight forest—the sorrow-laden tones of Montholon's hound rising and falling with a thrilling effect upon the ears of the stricken negro as though appealing to Heaven for vengeance upon the murderer of his master.

CAPTURE OF THE FORTS AT NEW CREEK STATION.

The following account of the capture of New Creek Station is furnished by a member of General Rosser's staff. It was an event exerting little influence upon the main issue, except so far as a timely blow of decisive character might effect, but it possesses some romantic features and is worthy of record. It was a practice among the Romans to decree a greater triumph to a general who gained a bloodless victory, than to him whose laurels were stained with the blood of her citizens. In this spirit we would preserve the memory of an action the success of which was due chiefly to the wisdom and audacity of the officer in command:

The town of Kaiser, the county-seat of Mineral county, West Virginia, is romantically situated at the foot of the Alleghanies on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, about twenty-two miles west of Cumberland, Maryland. It is now a growing town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, and is remarkable for the neatness of its appearance, for the number of its cozy dwellings, and for the picturesque beauty of its landscape.

Twenty-five years ago the scene was quite different. Then it was a mere railroad station, with a few houses in the vicinity, and was known only as New Creek Station. During the war it was regarded as a military point of importance by the Federals. Two forts on commanding hills overlooking the depot were erected and manned with heavy ordnance. A garrison varying from two to three thousand held the place and guarded the immense stores of food, forage, and ammunition placed there for the convenience of troops stationed in the counties of Hardy and Hampshire.

In the fall of 1864, General Rosser, commanding the old Ashby brigade of Confederate cavalry, formed the bold project of capturing this important point. Its natural strength, its large garrison, and the facility with which reinforcements could be poured into it from Maryland, made it necessary to use the greatest secrecy. If warning were given, its frowning castles could laugh a siege to scorn and with their heavy guns sweep out of existence all attacking columns. Indeed, there was but one road by which it could be entered by a large body of troops, and this ran near both forts. To mature a plan that promised success, he sent Captain John T. Pierce to "spy out the land." The following is the account of that celebrated scout, beginning where he with a comrade, lay on top of Thresher mountain, between which and the Alleghanies was New Creek Station, situated at the junction of New Creek and the North Branch Potomac:

"Smoot and myself lay all day on Thresher Knob in close proximity to New Creek. We took a rude sketch of the fortifications and returned to Moorefield that night, where we had William Alexander make a map of the fort and its surroundings, and met General Rosser with his command at George T. Williams' on the south fork in the evening. Shortly afterward, General Rosser took a portion of Company F, Seventh Virginia Cavalry and a larger portion of McNeil's command and rode down to Moorefield, where he learned from some of McNeil's men who were on scout, that about two hundred Federal troops with two ambulances and one piece of artillery, were at Old Field's marching to Moorefield. Hastily gathering about sixty men from McNeil's command and Company F, he met this force immediately after the advance guard had crossed Parson's Ford, and routing the advance, drove them across the river. Meeting the main body at the ford, his command made a flank movement by which they hoped to cut off the retreat through Reynold's Gap, which completely routed the main body, and the only question of importance seemed to be as to who should reach Reynold's Gap first.

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The Federals having the road and our troops the fields, the former reached the gap first, but so closely pursued that they could not rally. Several were killed, and about thirty with the artillery and ambulances were captured. Colonel Fleming, the officer in command, never stopped till he got to New Creek and reported to General Latham that the Confederates were in Moorefield. This unexpected skirmish changed General Rosser's plan and determined him to proceed at once to New Creek. This he did after dark by way of the Moorefield and Alleghany turnpike to the head of Patterson's Creek. Thence he proceeded down Patterson's Creek to Mike's Run and through Harrison's Gap to New Creek valley. A part of this route lay off from the highway and sometimes along mere bridle-paths. Secrecy of movement gave the only hope of success, as the sequel shows. By this route we had missed all scouts from the Federal post and were within six miles of them without their having any knowledge of our having left Moorefield. Just before reaching the northwestern turnpike, General Rosser halted his command and held a consultation."

A very sober consultation it was, too. We had been marching all night. The sun was just rising, gilding with its beams the lofty peaks of the Alleghanies. We had not yet emerged from the brush. In sight was the turnpike along which at any moment a Federal scouting party might pass. The question was, had not Colonel Fleming's party given warning and put the enemy on their guard? Such was the opinion of the majority and Rosser was urged to go back. Pierce, however, argued that the very fact that we had driven Fleming into the fort, would make the Federals feel secure from attack, for they would reason that we would not approach the fort knowing that they had been informed of our being present in the neighborhood. Rosser's daring nature made him quick to appreciate Pierce's logic, and he was seconded by General Payne, whose brigade formed a part of the command. The following plan was adopted:

The Eleventh Virginia Cavalry was sent down Limestone to come in on the railroad east of New Creek Station and the main body under General Payne, was to pass through New Creek mountain on the Northwest turnpike to Russ' ford, and thence down New Creek valley to the Fort.

Before resuming our march, however, J. L. Vandiver, a member of McNeil's command, came up to General Rosser, followed by a strong Union woman and all her children, and introduced the gen-

eral to her as General Kelly. She was highly pleased and told him she had often heard of Mr. Kelly but had never had the pleasure of seeing him before. She brought all her children up to shake hands with General Kelly and wished him success in his battles for the Union.

I was ordered by General Rosser to accompany General Payne; pretty soon we passed the house of a Union man by the name of Smith. The old lady came to the door and remarked at the top of her voice, "We are glad to see you getting back, we thought you were all captured." Some one just in the rear of me said, "O, no, we had a right smart little fight at Moorefield yesterday, but we're getting back all right." To which she replied, "I see you are, and you've got some Johnnys along with you." This seemed to afford her great pleasure.

I was riding by the side of General Payne at the head of the column, thinking of the great importance of taking the fort by surprise, which I had advised from the first, knowing that with the guns in the Fort and Mulligan's battery on Church Hill, it would most certainly be an extremely hazardous undertaking. Just then my eyes and ears were open to everything passing around me. I rode on about one hundred yards, the remarks of the old lady revolving in my mind, when I turned to General Payne and said, "General, we've got them." "How?" said he. "Did you not hear," I replied, "the remark of that old lady. From it I infer that a portion of the command from the Fort have been sent out for some purpose and have not returned. They are therefore anxiously expecting them. If we select an advance of twenty men in blue overcoats, we can gobble up all their pickets and ride into camp undisturbed." Payne approved my suggestion and ordered me to select the men and to give such instructions as I thought best. The orders I gave them were to put their pistols in their boot-tops where they could reach them at a moment's warning, but in no event to fire a shot or cause any alarm if it could possibly be avoided. To ride at an ordinary traveling gait up to the picket post, and if halted to throw up their hands and call out "All right," never halting or in any way showing the least excitement.

The order was executed so admirably that I shall ever regret not learning the name of him who commanded the advance. The pickets were captured. The scouts sent out from camp quietly rode into our command and were dismounted and sent back under guard, and we rode into the camp without firing a gun. So complete was the surprise that no one was found in the Fort except the guard to the

guns who continued to walk the parapet until our troops entered. 'Tis true, however, that we made a charge upon the fort, but not until we were within three hundred yards of it. The camp was also charged only to be found deserted; the soldiers having taken to their heels, were found huddled together on the bank of the river.

We captured nine hundred prisoners, eight hundred horses, and destroyed an immense quantity of commissary ordnance and quartermaster stores. Notwithstanding the perils to which we were exposed, while marching down New Creek valley, within short range of the guns of both forts, some amusing scenes occurred. At one point, we passed the house of a union man; he and his grown daughters came out to see their friends (as they supposed) pass by. Leaning upon the yard fence they watched us with much interest for some time. At last the truth seemed to flash upon the mind of one of the young ladies. Said she, "Pap, they are Rebels." "O, no," said he. "Yes," said she, "but I tell you they are! These men in gray are not prisoners. They don't let prisoners keep their arms." As we neared the fort and just before we charged, we met one of the teams of Mulligan's battery, composed of four spirited grays coming after a load of wood. The advance beckoned it to the right of the road, where the driver stopped and sat watching us until the charge began. Then the truth seemed to burst upon him for the first time. He jerked off his hat and waving it over his head called out at the top of his voice: "Sold again, by golly!"

Captain Pierce omits to state that a part of the command was sent to capture Mulligan's battery on Church Hill. Here the surprise was not so complete and there was a show of resistance. Some of the gunners had made out to load one piece. As the cavalry approached at a gallop, the artillery men fled, but a lieutenant bravely seized the lanyard and was about to fire into the head of the column when Major Breathitt, of Stewart's horse artillery, cut him down with his sabre. The second night afterward, at a supper in honor of the victory, when all were offering toasts, Rosser arose and proposed one "To the bravest of the brave." All knew that Breathitt was meant, though no name was mentioned.

When the fort was captured upon the summit of the hill, we could see the whole valley below blue with Federals making for the river. Most of them surrendered, but a remnant crossed the river and opened fire upon our men; when the writer got into the soldiers' quarters around the station, not a Federal was to be seen. There was a number of drinking shops whose well-filled bottles and kegs were quickly

appropriated by the victors. In five minutes after the taking of the place drunken men were running riot, plundering, and burning. The depot filled with ordnance was set on fire and the bursting shells proved more hurtful than the bullets of the foe. The Confederates paid little attention to them. One man crazed with drink, with a cocked pistol rode around the blazing building as if watching for the foe, singing "Her bright smile haunts me still." Another who had captured a fiddle followed him playing and singing "Annie Laurie." The writer entered the office of the post quartermaster and gathered a hatful of stamps and about a half dozen gold pens and silver holders which were lying loose on the tables.

Seeing a safe in the corner, he thought he was about to find a bonanza. Several bunches of keys were found but none would fit. He went to the door; a man was passing on the platform leading a horse loaded with *overcoats*. "Do you want to make ten thousand dollars?" said he. "Yes," said the overcoat peddler. "Well, then, bring me a crowbar and help me to open a safe." The man then seemed to hesitate. "Are you not going to do it?" said I. "No," was the reply, "I am too drunk." The front door was then shut to keep out intruders. In a minute, through a side entrance, a soldier popped in his head and said, "I say, captain, there is a telegraph concern in here running like thunder. It'll tell everything. What must I do?" "Smash it," was the quick response. Anything to avoid interruption. Immediately there was in the adjoining room a sound like that made by a bull in a china shop. At last a crowbar was obtained and the safe opened in the presence of several officers, each ready to make a grab; when lo and behold, it was empty!

Captain Pierce concludes his narrative as follows: When reaching the South Fork at Dasher's Mill, where General Rosser rested his men and divided the captured horses between the different regiments of his command, he ordered that I should first have my choice of all the captured horses, which order was never fully carried out.

Co. D.

* THE SOUTHERN BIVOUCAC is a monthly magazine published by the Southern Historical Association at Louisville, Ky. * It contains historical articles and interesting incidents and events of the late sectional war. The matter is especially interesting to the followers of the Lost Cause, and preserves in history the gallant deeds of noble men.—*El Paso (Texas) Rescue*.

CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF S. H. NOWLIN, PRIVATE FIFTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

[The following narrative is made up of items obtained in conversation with Colonel S. H. Nowlin, now in charge of the Arkansas Department of the Southern Exposition.]

In May, 1863, Colonel Nowlin was a private in the Fifth Virginia Cavalry, H. Clay Pate, Colonel commanding, at the memorable fight of Yellow Tavern, where that prince of cavalymen, General J. E. B. Stuart, was slain. He was captured under the following circumstances: The Fifth was ordered to hold a railroad cut and took position in it. The enemy, a portion of Custer's command, attacked in front and in rear. The doomed Fifth was exposed to deadly volleys from both ends of the cut, and men and horses fell beneath the leaden hail. In a few minutes one hundred and eighteen out of four hundred were struck. He saw Colonel Pate fall while gallantly forming his men for a desperate charge. Then all was confusion, the enemy rushing in upon them. Colonel Nowlin climbed up the bank of the cut but was surrounded and captured before going far. The rest of the narrative we will give as far as we can in the language of the narrator:

"I was captured by a portion of Custer's command and carried to the rear. Was I badly treated? Well, no; that is, not at first, but next morning the Yankees were pretty blue. They thought they were cut off. I felt so sure of it that I had already picked out my horse. As they retreated, they often came upon bombs which had been buried in the road by our men, and which the feet of the horses would cause to explode. This made them mad. They ordered the prisoners forward to dig out the bombs with picks. This kind of work required a delicate touch and was unpleasantly exciting.

"We got nothing to eat till the third day at Hanson's Landing. There we were put on a boat and carried to Fortress Monroe. The prison we were thrust into was full of thieves, and I had a pretty rough time of it. One day while there I had drawn my rations and was sitting on a pile of lumber; a fellow-prisoner, whose name I afterward learned was Glasscock, approached and watched me with a wistful look. He finally asked me if I would not like to have some money. Upon my telling him that I would, he showed me a considerable quantity of gold concealed about his person, and offered to divide with me, saying that he knew the thieves would get it. He had been purser on the steamer Greyhound. I accepted fourteen twenty-five franc pieces and concealed them on my person by cover

ing them with cloth and substituting them for the buttons on my coat, and by putting them in the collar-band of my shirt, around which I kept a cravat always carefully tied. Soon we were carried to Point Lookout and all were searched. They found on me nothing but two dollars in greenbacks which I was allowed to keep. Next day I was put in charge of one thousand men and attended to drawing their rations, etc. Was the fare good? By no means; poor and scarce at that. I supplemented my rations by buying something occasionally, taking out one piece of money at a time from my hoard. There were about fifteen thousand prisoners in all then. I stayed there about three months, from June to August, 1863. One day while there I met a fellow walking with crutches. I passed him several times. The third time I hailed him. It was Glasscock, but oh, so changed! He had been sick he said, and had been robbed of all his money. I told him that there was still left six of the fourteen pieces he had given me. Then he broke down and wept. He wouldn't have but two pieces, and he was soon taken to bed sick. I nursed him and he recovered. Afterward he was sent to Old Capital prison, where he died, some time in September. I, in company with a lot of other prisoners, was started for Elmira, New York. At Baltimore, while marching through the streets, I came near escaping. I saw two young men in the crowd outside of the guard beckoning to me, but I had luggage strapped on my back and felt unequal to the task of outrunning the guard. In spite of the soldiers, ladies pressed through the column and fed us from baskets which they carried full of provisions. While passing through Pennsylvania I determined to jump off the train at the first opportunity. We were traveling in box cars and the side openings were occupied by the guard. Another prisoner named Martin agreed to join me in the attempt. Just before we reached Harrisburg I pressed by the sentinel and leaped out; Martin followed me. The train was moving about fifteen miles an hour and we were only a little bruised by the fall. The guard fired upon us at once, but luckily, a lot of cord-wood was passed just after we jumped out, and this saved us. The train was halted and ran back. We climbed a little bluff and were soon out of sight. The officer in charge, I afterward learned, reported us as dead. I have since received his compliments. For twenty days we wandered in the mountains, at first not venturing to travel except by night. I still had some of the money given me by Glasscock, and bought food from the mountain people, pretending that we were deserters from the Federal army. I found plenty of 'copperheads' who sympathized with us as deserters

and who readily sold us food and milk. In our wanderings we passed near Pottsville, where my future wife was then living.

"Near this place our real character was in some way discovered and bodies of militia were sent to capture us. Being hotly pursued we were forced to avoid all houses, and we nearly starved to death. One day, after having fasted for twenty-four hours, we suddenly came upon a woman milking. She said, 'Come in, I think I know who you are! My husband is a copperhead. Lots of you men come here!' She gave us a fine supper, and sent her little boy to guide us a short distance. We followed the Blue Ridge in our course toward Dixie.

"Near Mercersborough we stopped at a cottage occupied by aunt Millie, James Buchanan's nurse. While resting on the hillside near by, we took the legs of our boots and made rude moccasins out of them. They soon wore out, and the last forty miles, before reaching the Potomac, we traveled barefoot. By this time, and for some days before, our clothes had become soiled and ragged, and we presented the appearance of walking scarecrows. Our feet were sore and bloody, our bodies weak from fatigue and hunger, and we were almost ready to yield to fate, when the sight of the Virginia mountains revived our drooping spirits. Upon approaching the Potomac a new obstacle faced us. A portion of Sheridan's army was encamped on either side of the river, and before we knew it we were almost in the midst of them. For three days before crossing the Potomac we subsisted on apples and milk. The last twelve hours were spent within fifty yards of the tow-path of the canal, along which Federals were constantly passing. At last, rendered desperate by exposure and hunger, we swam the river at night, and to avoid the Federal picket climbed a steep bluff, seventy-five feet high. This was in the latter part of August, just before the battle of Winchester. About daylight it was so cold we could not sleep, so we got up and went forward. Just as we were crossing a bridge over a small stream, we were hailed by a Federal soldier. It was too late to run, besides, he was only one man, and we were tired of skulking. Without framing what to say, by way of explanation, I advanced toward him, or rather them, for, upon getting nearer, three others were seen. I rushed up and shook their hands, and threw my arms around them and wept. Martin was equally affectionate. They asked us kindly what was the matter, and why we were so excited. I replied that we feared they were Rebels, and were so glad to find they were not, for the Rebels had been trying to catch us and put us in the army; that we were good Union men, and would die

rather than serve against the old flag, etc. Though they sympathized with us very deeply, we could not get them to let us pass on. After a consultation, one was sent forward to take us to the lieutenant commanding the picket. The situation now was not inviting. Visions of a northern prison rose up before me. Up to this time Martin had said little. As we followed the guard he said in an undertone, with an ominous shake of his head, 'You are going down there!' Moving along we came to a peach tree. We were about half way there, between two pickets, and as the day broke I could see, within gunshot, about fifty men in either direction. At the peach tree I stopped, as if looking for a peach. Said Martin, 'Let's get away; I'll knock him down, you seize his gun!' 'Now,' said I. Martin felled him with a blow; I seized his gun, and struck him with the butt-end. Then we ran for dear life, both pickets at once firing at us, their attention being arrested by the yells of the guard. It was a terrible race with our sore feet. For some time we could hear them yelling and firing all around us.

"Our first hiding-place was abandoned for another. From this point, on a hill, we could see them surrounding the thicket we had left. Moving on, after a rest, we fell in with a scouting party of Confederate cavalry and soon were reunited with our comrades."

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

THE PALE-FACED MAN.

BY MRS. A. C. KEITH.

I don't remember the exact date that Fernandina, in my native State of Florida, was taken by the Federals. I was there with my brother and his family. We were impatiently awaiting a French steamer with goods, when such a vessel came in sight. It was Sunday morning; I, and others who were interested, went to the observatory to watch, when we discovered floating above the vessel the French flag of distress. We concluded that it was the eagerly expected steamer which had run the blockade of the Federal gunboats and had been disabled. I with my three friends, who were the especial guardians of the Southern hospital, had concluded to go to church, and were ready when we discovered the steamer. We were delighted to think we could now recruit our wardrobe with new finery, which we much needed, and we with many others, exulted to think the vessel had passed the gunboats. Colonel H., with his barassa

(I fear this is not spelled right) and ten men went to her relief. When within hailing distance, and too near to get away, the *French steamer* pulled down her flag of distress and hoisted the stars and stripes in its place, calling on the Southerners to surrender, which of course they had to do. There was a hasty stampede from the observatories in town, and I told my servant not to wait to pack, but to *cram* my best dresses in my trunks, and to be ready in ten minutes. I and my three lady watchers went to the hospital to each take charge of a sick soldier, which General Trapier, who was stationed there, ordered to the depot. The train was already fired up and the whole town, excepting the loyal ones, were not slow in accepting the general's advice to vacate the place. Before the citizens reached the train it was occupied by many real country bumpkins, who had fled from the swamps around Fernandina. They had left their seats to look how things went around the depot, when we with our sick soldiers stepped in. We thought our wounded had the first right to the cars, and each lady sat on the *out-side* of the seat so that no stranger could tramp upon or molest the sick men. My soldier had a shelled foot; it was wrapped in a piece of blue cloth, and it rested on my satchel. Presently the whistle blew for starting, and these country people rushed in, indignant that their seats were occupied. One young woman weighing two hundred, with a boy *six years old* astride her hip, the boy dressed in *de collette*, walked up and down, eyeing every seat. Mine seemed to be the one she thought she had a right to. She asked me to see if her "bundle warn't thar." I arose and answered her there was nothing there. She walked off angry and looked in all the seats around me; finally she came back to me and said it was "mighty quare she could not get her *handkercher*, for she knowed she left it right thar." I said "what kind of a one is it?" She replied, "A blue un, and Buck's bread and my snuff was tied up in it, and I am a gwine to have it, and I don't want no sass from sich a young upstart as you, either." I was humble. I did not even smile. My soldier was in repose, with me between him and harm, we thought, when the fat girl walked past, and turned back of our seat. She spied the blue foot, reached over and grappled it, saying, "I knowed it war thar." The poor fellow tried to let her take the foot easy; he raised it with an exclamation of pain. Sal saw her mistake and *dropped* it. O, what a moment of agony and pain to the soldier. O, what an agony to *me* to keep from laughing. On one hand was my poor hurt soldier, on the other Sal was ready to bounce at me if I even smiled. She made no apology, but

went on her way ready for a fray with any one who dared to look straight at her.

Finally, I saw her seated with the bundle and Buck clamoring for bread. She at last gave him a piece as large as my hand, which he crammed into his mouth, leaving part outside to disappear when he could make room for it. He was masticating at the rate of starvation, when all of a sudden there was a splutter and a smothered squall, and the crumbs flew in every body's face in the neighborhood. Sal's snuff had spilled on the bread and Buchanan was beginning to taste it, and was spitting it out broadcast.

When we arrived at Baldwin, forty miles from Fernandina, the cars could take us no farther. We had to stay there, no telling how long. We procured the largest room on the first floor of the hotel, put down pallets for the sick, and sat up all night, having ourselves no place to sleep, as there was no room. We stayed with the sick, administering medicine, etc., scarcely having room between the pallets to get around, for there were many soldiers we had brought from the hospital. At midnight a train came in from another direction with more sick soldiers. There was no room and they had to stay out on the porch or in the yard where many ladies and children had to sit all night by a fire made on the ground. There was a terrible white face appeared several times at the window, begging for attention. At last I raised the window and told him we could do nothing for him, as we had not room for what we had. He said, "Miss, I'm nearly gone right here," laying his hand on his "apron." I said, "What ails you?" he replied he had had a wound in his head and had then taken pneumonia and then the *janders*, and now he had an awful misery *thar*. I told him there was no doctor at hand, but I would give him a dose of pain-killer if he would take it. I gave him a good, big dose, and also some peppermint. I let down the sash and he went away holding his pain with both hands. About thirty minutes after, he came back with his pitiful, white face and beckoned me to the window. I raised it and he said, "Miss, d-o-o-o give me something else; that truck haint done me no good." I then made him a tremendous mustard-plaster and he left to administer it. Next morning after breakfast we had attended to the sick and left them for a little airing on the porch. I saw a crowd around one of the fires seemingly intent upon some sight. I peeped and there was the pale-faced man still in agony. I remarked to the other lady nurses that it was strange that that poor fellow was still in an agony of pain, though I gave him the night before a dose of pain-killer and peppermint and a

mustard-plaster. Mrs. H. remarked, "Why, that same man came to me as I stepped from the sick-room to the hall and said he was suffering. I gave him a dose of Lee's pills." Mrs. M. looked at him and said, "Why, that man came when I was warming some tea in the kitchen for the sick and begged for something. I gave him a big dose of 'number six,' and put a bag of ashes on his pain." Mrs. B. looked at us in consternation and said, "Lord, save us! that man came to me at the door of the sick-room and said he could not stand the pain much longer. On learning what he was suffering with, I told him that the surest relief was castor-oil. He did not tell me he had taken anything else, and I gave him a tremendous dose, and added a spoonful of pain-killer." Our eyes began to expand. Holy horrors! Where could we go from the certain doom? for the explosion of a drug-store or some awful calamity must certainly take place in the near future; and we, the guilty ones, wanted to flee from the *wrath to come*. A train whistles! Trapier's private car comes! In a moment each lady has her especial wounded soldier and bounded on the train, seeking for quarters. We are safe! he takes us. One frightened look backward reveals the poor, pale man still writhing in pain and squeezing his apron.

THE SILENT MAN OF COMPANY "D" FOURTH KENTUCKY.

In the year 1862 we "swapped" Crit. Ireland one of our men for two of his. Our man wanted to join Crit.'s horse company and he had two men who wanted to go into "web-foot." One of the men we received in exchange was Frank C—, of Owen county. He was in personal appearance the likeness of the "crack-shot" described in the last number of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC. Only eighteen or nineteen years of age, six feet three inches high, angular, breast sunk in, smooth-faced, eyes inclined to be sore pretty much all the time, and hair the color of a carrot. He chewed tobacco but did not drink. He was possessed of that eminent and rare virtue known as silence to a degree I have never seen equaled. He had an occasional outburst of words, and generally in the shut-your-mouth-and-tend-to-your-own-business style, for you know a boy of his appearance attracted and continually tempted the wit-fiends of Company D.

But I saw the *man* in him very soon after we got him, and no soldier will ever forget him that has passed through the fire with him.

Bless you, Frank, wherever you are; you let your Enfield rifle do your talking, and while others would be banging away you would take deliberate aim and fire and load as coolly as if you were shooting squirrels.

No matter if the quartermaster never could get pants long enough for you, the cartridges always fit your gun and she never failed fire when you pulled trigger.

At the battle of Chickamauga, Frank never fired his gun *because he could not see the enemy*, declaring that he would not waste his ammunition on nothing. Our young readers will have to get some old soldier to tell them why it is we have often fought entire battles without seeing the enemy.

I have not the slightest doubt that Frank was a real "mother's boy" at home, driving up the cows, helping to milk, and nursing the baby, but I tell you in a fight he was every inch a man and a very tall one at that. There was comfort in having him near you in battle, and, as he and I fancied each other very much, we were pretty close together. He could not sing funny songs and whistle like the other boys, but of all the music nature ever heard the sound of his rifle was the sweetest. His jacket sleeves struck him between the wrist and the elbow, and his haversack didn't reach half way to his hip, but his tall form and his beaming eyes were *always* in the line when his company was called to meet danger.

Well, we were mounted toward the close of the war, and Frank being very tall and long-legged, as a natural consequence drew a small horse. His feet nearly touched the ground, and it is said of him that he laughed after he mounted, but I can't say for certain that he did. When he laughed it must have been very funny indeed. Frank got through the war safe, and I hope he is now a prosperous farmer and would be glad to hear from him again.

FRED JOYCE.

THE HUGUENOTS —In passing through South Carolina during the war, Colonel Phil Lee saw at the depot an old negro whom he accosted with the following question:

"Say, uncle, are there any Huguenots about here?" To which the old darkey responded, "Well, I declare, where be you ones from?" "From way up in old Kentucky," responded Phil.

"Well, I thought so. Why, in Tennessee they call 'em peanuts, in Georgia they goes by the name of goobers, in Alabama they is penders, here in South Carolina we call 'em ground peas, now you fellows way off dar in Kentucky call 'em hugonuts. Well I do declare."

Youths' Department.

[Written for the Bivouac.]

THE TROUBLE OF GETTING A RAILROAD PASS.

Nothing was more characteristic of the war period in the South, than the difficulties experienced by those who attempted to ride on railroads. Especially was this true of soldiers who were without proper passes.

Major Vance had obtained a short furlough to visit Richmond, the Confederate capital, a city which then swarmed with spies and adventurers of all kinds. When the furlough term expired, he packed his knapsack to return to his cavalry brigade, which was stationed at Gordonsville, Virginia. On the appointed morning for leaving, he discovered that the furlough was gone. He went to the commandant of the post and stated the case. That officer, after some hesitation, gave him an order on the provost-marshal, who gave him another order on the master of transportation, and in a short time he was on his way to camp.

Upon reaching Gordonsville he learned that his command had that morning struck across the country for Fredericksburg. As there was no way of getting to that place except by going back to Richmond and taking the train for Fredericksburg, he returned to that city the same day.

In the morning he had another interview with the commandant of the post; his reception was by no means a gracious one, but he managed to get a new pass with orders for transportation, etc.

Upon reaching Fredericksburg he learned that his command had wheeled about and returned to Gordonsville. Here was a dilemma. He could not stop, and he could not undertake to pursue a cavalry command on foot. So he again returned to Richmond, with the intention of trying the Gordonsville road in the morning.

At sunrise he, the third time, entered the office of the commandant of the post. Luckily, the chief was not on duty, but the office was filled by a subordinate, who was overwhelmed with busi-

ness. He stated the case as briefly and as clearly as he could, but the officer could not comprehend why a soldier should travel three days to join a command, distant only a three hours' journey. Major Vance saw that it would be best to make himself quite unintelligible, and so he said: "I was in Fredericksburg yesterday, but the command was in Gordonsville. I retraced my steps from that point to Richmond for the purpose of reaching Gordonsville, which place I left day before yesterday to reach Fredericksburg, whence I —" Officer: "Where in the name of common sense do you want to go to?" Major Vance: "I tell you, sir, that I saw the commandant of the post yesterday and got his permission to go to Fredericksburg, though I had gotten permission the day before to go to Gordonsville, from which point to Fredericksburg my command, which arrived there the day before from the latter place —" Officer: "Give this man a pass to hell or any other seaport!"

[Written for the Bivouac.]

WHAT BECAME OF THE DOG.

By E. C. COLGAN.

As the autumnal winds of 1864 began to put on the wintry temperature of that latitude and sweep into Camp Douglas prison from out on the lake, and the hope of escape or exchange began to die away, a feeling of despondency hitherto unknown seemed to pervade the entire prison. The experience of the previous winter was still in the memory of every prisoner, and the introduction of a variety of prison rules, most prominent being the adoption of retaliatory measures in regard to rations, made the future very gloomy indeed. The rations had been exceedingly short during the summer, and many of the prisoners had become desperate on the subject. Fried rats had been regarded as a dainty dish for several months, but after the barracks were raised five feet above the ground to prevent tunneling, the rats had no place to hide, and sought refuge in the sewer out of reach of the hungry prisoners. Occasionally they crept cautiously out of the sewer, in search of "strange adventure," and they seldom failed to find it, for not one ever succeeded in getting back to its underground home. They were closely watched, and after one left the sewer it was an easy matter to cut off its retreat, and then it was only a question as to which mess would feast upon it. The writer retains a vivid recollection of a breakfast of fried rats which he re-

ished very much, but the meat tasted so much like squirrel that he has never been able to eat squirrel since on account of the memories the mastication of the last-named animal revived. One raw, windy afternoon, when even rats were hard to obtain, an incident occurred which created considerable stir, not only among the prisoners, but among the members of the Illinois Legislature.

This was the sudden and mysterious disappearance of a sleek and fat rat-and-tan dog that belonged to the legislature, or rather to a member of that body. Gov. Oglesby and the members of the legislature were on a visit to Chicago, and Colonel Sweet, who was in command at Camp Douglas, invited them out to the prison to show them how well the prisoners were cared for, and on the afternoon referred to they filed through the gate in twos, led by the governor and Colonel Sweet. The news of their arrival soon spread through the prison and the Confederates began to flock to the point of entrance to take a peep at them. A member of Duke's Second Kentucky Calvary was strolling around with his blanket thrown over his shoulders, when the visitors began to enter, and he stopped and squatted down against the corner post of a barrack to take a good look at them as they passed. The ends of his blanket reached the ground on both sides of him and lay in folds at his feet. The dog had accompanied its master on the tour of inspection, and being a guest it was allowed all the privileges necessary to enable an animal of its inquisitive nature to make a thorough inspection. It bounded through the gate as if perfectly at home, and began to scout around at will, running first one way and then another, wherever its nose led it. In one of these promiscuous sallies it ran right up to where the Confederate squatted, and as he had been a great admirer of canine sagacity in ante-bellum days, his old affection for the species warmed up as his memory wandered back to the fox-hunts of happier times, and he spoke to the dog in a kind tone and it ran up to him and stopped. He stroked it caressingly a few times, and, finding that it was not only good-natured, but fat, he instantly formed a bold determination to see how it would taste cooked. It seemed to enjoy his caresses, and remained with him until the legislative column had passed, and, finding that it was disposed to stay with him, he raised his blanket and lowered it over the dog's body, and, putting his arm affectionately around the animal, he arose and walked away with the dog under his arm, and not a member of that august body of legislators knew that one of their attendants had been kidnapped.

He hurried to his barrack with his game and found the building

nearly empty, the prisoners having gone out to see the visitors. Fortunately for his plans he found that two occupants of neighboring bunks, who felt no desire to see the law-makers, had remained indoors, and he whispered to one to bring the spit-box into the aisle between the bunks, and requested the other to sharpen his knife as quick as possible. Both did as requested, though totally ignorant of their comrade's intentions. The dog was perfectly docile, and made no resistance while its friendly captor was preparing to carry out his desperate resolve. He raised the blanket, showed his comrades what he had under it, and directing them how to assist him he placed the dog's neck across the spit-box and while they held it in position he cut its throat, and the crimson canine gore gurgled into the receptacle prepared to catch it. Kitchen discipline was very exacting, and it required great caution to get it cooked without the sergeant's knowledge. There was not, however, a hitch in the whole act, and before the gloom of night had surrounded the prison that dog had been devoured. Several legislators and some of the guards were certain that the dog had entered the prison, but no one saw it go out, and a very vigorous search was made for it, but in vain. Its head, skin, and feet had been thrown in the sewer. The legislator advertised for it in the Chicago papers and offered a large reward for it. The guards tried for several days to get on the track of it, and one of them interrogated the man who cooked the dog, and as the answers were not satisfactory the cook received a clubbing, but he never gave up the secret. The man whose fertile brain conceived this bold stroke of policy was greeted by hundreds of his old comrades at a recent reunion and asked if he had tried dog meat since the war.

A HOG STORY.

It was at the beginning of the war. His regiment was marching through Louisiana by forced marches, for it is a solemn matter of fact that the first troops that went out from Texas were in very much of a hurry, because they feared that the war would be over before they could reach the tented field. They were afraid that the Virginians would swindle them out of their share of glory in taking Washington. While the northern people were talking about a ninety-days' war, the Texans thought it hardly worth while to start out, if the war would be over before they could get a chance to strike a blow.

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But to the story, which is best given in the language of the newspaper-man himself:

"Just before dark one afternoon we passed a comfortable-looking farm-house, the owner of which was busily engaged, with a very anxious expression of countenance and a long pole, in driving a number of pigs under the house. The impression that forced itself upon us, on observing this conduct, was that he thought the pigs would be safer and last longer, as far as his selfish wants were concerned, under his immediate supervision than in any place where we could get at them. One of my comrades, who was trudging along by my side, Bob Beasley, a proud, high-strung, sensitive fellow, but as honest, nevertheless, as the day is long, was stung to the quick by the action of the farmer, and, turning to me Bob said, 'That is an insult to our sacred cause, and to every honest man in the regiment. Let us resent it. Let us teach this man to respect us. Let's go back there to-night and steal one of his darned old hogs, to show him that we won't stand any of his insinuations.'

"I saw that Bob's feelings were hurt by the ungenerous conduct of the rustic and endeavored to calm him down, but in vain. His blood was up. I agreed to assist him in wiping out the insult, on condition that I should have one-half of the pork. We camped a few miles from the house; and that night, although we were very tired, we cheerfully trudged back to the house where we had seen the farmer trying to steal the pigs from us. We quietly called a council of war and agreed upon a campaign plan. It was thought best not to make any unnecessary noise, as it might induce the farmer to come out and still further irritate us. All we really wanted was the hog. Bob Beasley was to crawl through the hole under the house and drive the hogs out, because he was more familiar with the habits of hogs than I was. I was to assume an offensive position with a club, at the outside of the hole, and as soon as a hog came out I was to stun him with a blow, after which he was to be dispatched and carried to camp. Bob crawled in on all fours, and pretty soon I heard a hog scrambling toward the hole. I drew back my club, and just as the porker came out through the hole I gave him a tremendous blow. Bob Beasley gave a grunt, for he was the hog. I had only dislocated his shoulder, instead of knocking his brains out. The farmer, it seems, had added insult to injury by removing the hogs from under the house. He did not think they were safe even there.

"Bob expressed himself very forcibly. He used language to me

which no soldier should use to a comrade. He was evidently much disappointed at not finding the hogs under the house. In the excitement of the moment I spoke emphatically, in a low tone of voice, of what I thought of the conduct of the farmer. I had a good notion to inform the colonel of our regiment, and have the agriculturalist imprisoned as a traitor. I should certainly have denounced his treachery, but I was afraid that if I said anything about the affair our motives for trying to kill the hog might have been misconstrued. I volunteered to carry Bob Beasley to camp on my back, which was only two or three miles off. I would not have volunteered if Beasley had not given his solemn word of honor that he would assassinate me if I did not carry him cheerfully. When I got to camp, I had acquired a permanent curvature of the spine, which is one of the offerings I cheerfully laid upon the altar of my country. Our devotion to principle was not appreciated by our comrades, who would jeeringly call out, 'How's your hog?' whenever we passed along the line. From that hour I instinctively felt that the cause of the Confederacy was hopeless."

SQUIRES' BEAR.

[Written for the *Blivouac*.

One hundred years ago, the land along the river, just above Louisville, now known as the "Point," presented an appearance very different from what we now see. The south fork of Beargrass creek, after running in a southwesterly course until it reached the present Caldwell street, there abruptly turned northwesterly as if to empty into the Ohio near the engine-house of the water-works, but when it met the Muddy Fork near the beginning of the present cut-off it again as abruptly turned southwardly and ran almost parallel with the river, until it reached its old mouth between Third and Fourth streets. Thus, between the present cut-off and the Ohio and the old bed of Beargrass, was a cone-like strip of land about two miles long and half a mile wide at its base, with its apex nearly opposite the foot of the present Third street. This strip of land was covered with a dense forest, principally of beech, but interspersed with ash, hickory, walnut, and other trees, while along the bank of the river and the margin of the creek rose huge sycamores, like giants of the forest.

Where now stands the pipe foundry of Dennis Long, there then grew a sycamore that was famous in its day. Far above the ground its huge trunk was eight feet in diameter, and at its base its roots

spread out in such a way as to form half a dozen concave recesses, in each of which as many persons might be hidden from every view except that immediately in front. This immense tree seemed to be sound at the base, but high up among its branches were openings that indicated it was hollow there. It was believed by all to be the den of bears and raccoons, but its vast proportions deterred the hunters from cutting it down for the game that might be procured.

At the close of the winter of 1780-81 Samuel Squires was keen for a hunt, after having heard with delight the winter stories told by the hunters of the Falls. He had no experience as a hunter, but was one of those who are always wise in their own estimation, whether others think them so or not, and who thought he could be as successful in taking game as those he heard tell of their exploits. He had been in the habit of tracking rabbits in the snow and thus catching them, in the country from which he came, and this was about the extent of his experience as a hunter. He reasoned that if a hare could be tracked in the snow and taken, any other animal could be treated likewise; and now a slight snow fell upon the ground as if to favor him in his theory. It was a late February snow, not deep, but it covered the ground sufficiently to mark the tread of any animal that walked upon it. It was the last of the many snows and hails that fell that terrible winter, and covered the trees of the forest with a sleet that made them look like trees of glass.

Early in the morning Squires set out upon his hunt. He crossed Beargrass creek on a tree that had been thrown across it for a bridge about where Second street now lies, and thence took his course along the strip of land between the river and the creek. He had not gone far before he came upon tracks in the snow that at first puzzled him. They were not like any imprints he had ever before seen in the snow and as he had never seen a bear's track he began to think a bear had made them. They appeared like the tracks of a man, but he remembered that John Sanders, a famous hunter at the Falls, had said bears sometimes made tracks much like a man's. In his own way, he reasoned it out as the track of a bear and having so decided, began to follow it. As he trailed along, the bear fever that rapidly set in upon him excited his imagination greatly. He went through with all the acts of treeing, killing, and distributing the bear among his friends as he followed the track. He carried on the following dialogue as he pursued the trail:

"Oho! Mr. Bear, you thought you would come out and steal Widow Faith's pigs and get off safe, did you? You did not think of

my being about. You are just the varmint I have been looking for. You have escaped all the hunters of the Falls and when I take you I shall be the most famous of the hunters. I will be noted for generosity, too. I will send a ham to Bland Ballard, a shoulder to Frank Nash, a loin to big John and little John Allen, and some part to each of the hunters at the Falls. Your skin I will tan for my own bed and keep as a memento of my first bear. You may be a she bear with young ones, and if so, I will keep the cubs for my pets. Won't they be attractive beasts when they grow big and learn to dance! Why, all the boys and girls too, in town will want to see them dance."

Thus chatted Squires to himself as he followed the track until he came in sight of the big sycamore, without knowing how far he had walked. Seeing that the track led to the huge tree, he cast his eyes up its trunk and there, high among the branches, saw a great hole. He was now certain that the bear had gone into that hole. As he walked along with his eyes fixed on that hole, his feet came in contact with a dead limb and down he came. His fall made a noise that aroused an Indian on the other side of the tree hidden for a rest in one of the recesses made by the projecting roots. The Indian sprang to his feet and came around the tree to see what had made the noise. He saw Squires at the same moment that Squires saw him. The surprise was mutual. If a real bear had fallen from that tree on either of them the astonishment would have been no greater. As badly as Squires had the bear fever he did not fail to recognize the savage in his front. His bear dreams vanished in the twinkling of an eye and he thought, too, that the Indian's eye twinkled very fiercely. And now a race around the big sycamore began. Each tried to keep the tree between himself and the other. Sometimes Squires was after the Indian, and sometimes the Indian was after Squires. Round and round, backward and forward, pursuing and pursued, they went until both grew weary of the desperate game of hide-and-seek they were enacting. The same mode of escape entered the heads of both at the same time. The Indian darted off from the tree in a northern direction and Squires, from the opposite side, started in a southern course. The tree was so large that neither discovered what the other had done until they were far enough apart to be harmless to one another. Neither showed any inclination to shorten the distance thus gained between them and the Indian pursued his course northward, while Squires made for the log bridge that bore him over Beargrass.

When Squires reached the fort at the foot of Twelfth street he

discovered that he had lost from his pocket a land-warrant for five hundred acres. He doubted not that he had lost it in the chase around the tree. He was not willing to go back alone to hunt for the warrant, and to secure company made it necessary for him to tell what had occurred. Some friends went back with him to hunt for the warrant. They found the Indian's track in the snow that had been followed by Squires for a bear's, the snow all worn away by the tramping around the big sycamore, and the track of the Indian in the direction to the north which he had taken, but the warrant could not be found. If it had been lost in the race around the tree, it had been so tramped to pieces and into the ground and snow that it could not be recovered. On the facts, however, being presented to the county court, a new warrant was issued to Squires for the five hundred acres of land in lieu of the one he had lost.

This hunt satisfied Squires. He was never known to have taken another. For a long time, Indians went by the name of Squires' bears at the Falls, and any one who felt belligerent could always get a fight by inviting Squires to take a "bear hunt."

STANDING PICKET.

Tom Black was a tall, cadaverous-looking cavalry man from the knobs. His gun carried an ounce ball and the boys called it the "mountain howitzer." Wonderful were the stories he told of killing "varmints sich as painters and the like," at a quarter of a mile range. There was a great curiosity to catch sight of the Yankees, just to see Tom slay them at long taw. "Oh, you better believe, old Bet never flickers; just show me one." Pretty soon Tom was put on picket. The place was lonely enough in the day time, but at midnight when it was so still you could almost hear the stars in their courses, and when under the cover of darkness, wild beasts came from their lairs and assassins crouched and watched for their victims, the loneliness was awful. The Yankees were said to be five miles off, but it was not long before Tom was convinced they were sneaking upon him. The fall of every leaf was but the cat-like step of a murderous foe. Presently there was a rumbling sound of human feet among the leaves. It was a hungry hog searching for acorns. The sound grew louder, and the enemy was plainly no longer trying to conceal his presence. Tom's hair began to rise "on each particular end." At last the hog discovering the sentinel, suddenly wheeled. "Don't shoot," cried Tom, "I surrender!"

Taps.

THE FLAG RAISING.—At the beginning of the war when 'twas necessary to "fire the Northern heart" flag raisings were had in all cities north of the Mason and Dixon Line.

On one occasion the flag was rolled up into a ball and raised to the top of the pole ready to have its folds shaken out to the breeze, at the same moment that the cannon should thunder and the music swell forth into some patriotic air. The orator mounted the stand, ran his fingers through his hair and began, "Fellow-citizens, for what purpose have we met here to-day?" then to make it emphatic, he repeated, "Fellow-citizens, for what have we met here to-day?" when a dirty-faced urchin on the roof of a coal-shed near by, impatient for the music and cannon and perhaps thinking that the orator was "slightly off," yelled out to the infinite amusement of the crowd and to the great disgust of the orator, "Why, don't you see, you old fool, to raise that flag of course."

BLUFFING THE OLD MAN.—The Federal commander, General Nelson, had his headquarters Marquees set up in the woods in a somewhat secluded place. Many of the teams in the supply-trains that were daily coming in were driven by men who were not enlisted, and one evening a driver was grumbling because his wagon wasn't unloaded quick enough to suit him. The man who was receiving the stuff was a practical joker, and pointing to Nelson's tents, some distance away, he said to the teamster, "Right over there in those tents is a man whose business it is to unload these wagons and he has a lot of fellows there to help him. You go over and tell him to come on. He'll try to bluff you but you make him come." The man went and finding Nelson sitting in his tent in his shirt sleeves, he walked in and slapping him on the shoulder said, "Come, old man, I want you." Maybe you think the old man wasn't surprised, but he was. He looked up as if he couldn't do justice to the subject, but finally he managed to blurt out, "What in h—I do you mean?" The soldier said,

"Come now, don't be giving me any of that. I'm posted on you; come on and help unload them wagons." Nelson was nearly paralyzed, but with an oath that would have broken the steeple off of a church, he grabbed at his sword and started for that teamster who had started for tall timber. The old man ran that teamster clean out of sight, and to this day nobody knows what ever did become of him.

AFTER twenty years, the battle-flag of the Third Iowa Infantry, which was captured before Atlanta by General Pat. Cleburne and presented by him to Miss Laura J. Massengale, then living near Columbus, Ga., has been returned to the adjutant-general of Iowa by that lady's brother. The flag was accidentally found in a chest, where it has lain undisturbed for the last twenty years, and is sent back just in time to receive an ovation from the survivors, who are to hold a reunion at Cedar Falls, on September 13.

FILE CLOSERS NOT COUNTED.—Captain Cleveland, of the Fifth Texas Infantry, Army Northern Virginia, on one occasion offered a reward of one hundred dollars to the man who first reached the enemy's works. In the regiment was a sergeant named Keyes, a most notorious coward, one who would have a chill the hottest day in July if he heard picket-firing, and to whom the prospect of a fight was the signal of a severe attack of bomb ague. After the fight the question of the identity of the man who was entitled to the premium came up, and was settled by a wag claiming that Keyes, the coward, was the winner, for he had heard Captain Cleveland shout out to him just as he reached the works, "Stop, Keyes, file closers don't count."

COMRADE WASH TELLS OF A COINCIDENCE.—And that reminds us of another strange coincidence. In 1862 we were wounded in the battle of Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland River in Tennessee. Our mother and sister in Kentucky, knew nothing of our whereabouts, except that we were in the Southern army, nor did they at the time know of the battle being fought. The very next morning after its occurrence, sister said to mother that she had just had an ugly dream about her brother. She thought she saw him coming from the yard gate to the house with the front of his coat all clotted with blood. Nothing more was thought of it until, perhaps, a week after they learned that at that very date he had been wounded in the head, and that the breast of his coat was covered with blood. Who can account for such things?

BROUGHT THEM TOO CLOSE.—A young Englishman—a specimen Dalgetty, joined our command. When asked, why? he replied, “I happened over here.” Had he “happened” over there, he’d have shot at us as briskly as he shot for us. In those days field glasses pretentiously decorated the lowest order of officers as well as the higher. Our Dalgetty saw this, and got him three joints of cane which he adjusted to imitate a spy-glass. Fastening it with a profusion of tarred string he mounted a lofty lookout and leveled his mock glass at the enemy’s batteries. Soon after he slid with a thump to the ground, and threw away his spying tube; when asked, “what ailed him,” he replied, “I brought the Yanks too close up.” Field glasses were seen only with field officers after that. J. A. HAMILTON.

FROM “HORSE SHOE,” HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—We are in receipt of a copy of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, published at Louisville, Ky., under the auspices of the Southern Historical Association of that city. The contents include, beside the papers of historic value read before the Association, short stories of the war, sketches of soldiers distinguished in battle, poetry, notices of individual heroism on either side, and a select miscellany of other articles. An important feature is the Youths’ Department, which contains poetry, anecdotes of the march, camp, and field, and stories humorous and pathetic of days that are gone but not forgotten, though much misunderstood from detraction and silence. It is issued monthly, at \$1.50 per year, and may be secured by addressing SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, Louisville, Kentucky.

I’LL HAVE HIM ARRESTED.—One dark and rainy winter’s night the writer was ordered to carry food to the men in the trenches. A team was hitched up, and with a loaded wagon and driver we started out. Every challenge was made with the least noise, as the enemy were only a few rods in front. “Halt, dismount, and give the countersign!” came at every thirty paces. It was rough on my teamster, who was rheumatic and cold. However, we made the trip, and halted at a cavalry post. Major —, a very Palladin for courage and strength, had rolled in my blanket for a snooze; he had driven the enemy with slaughter that day. My Jehu began to recite his annoyances thus, “Cuss the durned infantry, they make me halt, dismount, and give the countersign till I was weary and tarrify wid their foolishness.” A roar followed from the couriers. At this moment a trim staff-officer of a general, who had lost an arm, put in his say so, “I say, hold that noise, the general wants to rest; don’t

let me hear any more of it!" Staff had hardly gone into darkness before Jehu began his old story. It was folly to try to keep back the laugh. A second outburst, and a second entry of staff, "— it! did I not order you to stop this noise? Who is it? I'll have him arrested!" Just then, by some strange accident, a donkey put his demure snout in at our fire, and flapping his ears, began his unmistakable bray. Jehu jumped to his feet, and shaking his fist at donkey, said; "*One at a time, if you please!*" Staff left amid a burst of laughter, as Major — (the prince of soldiers) rolled over and over with my blanket, trying to restrain a big laugh.—*Historical Society Papers.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD SOLDIER.—I've never heard of the following being published and I believe it original:

While in camp at Murfreesboro in '62, General Hanson approached Lieutenant Phil Murphy, Company "F," Second Kentucky, and said, "Murphy, you have seen a great deal of the world and ought to know how to answer the question, 'What is your idea as to what constitutes a good soldier?'" Murphy answered promptly, "When he could sleep on a fence-rail and cover with a shoe-string."

Murphy was in Mexico and in California in '49; was killed in front of his Company on Kenesaw. J. T. HOGG.

TAKING CARE OF THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.—After the close of the war the graves of sixty-five dead comrades were found by some returning Confederates in an open commons near Bardstown. T. H. Ellis, with one or two others, managed to raise thirteen dollars from the neighbors. With this they bought plank, and having borrowed the tools necessary, they went to work and restored the mounds and fenced them in. Through an old citizen who had taken the pains to keep a register of the places and names of the dead, they erected head-boards and set out some young trees. The saplings are now shade trees, and the place is kept clean and beautiful by Mrs. P. M. Kelley, who tends the grounds with motherly care. A gentleman informs us that he saw this summer a beautiful monument in a graveyard at Romney, West Virginia, erected soon after the close of the war, when that section was still under the heels of a party of persecution. The bold superscription reads, "Erected by the daughters of Hampshire, in memory of the gallant sons who fell in defense of Southern rights." Upon the stone is inscribed the names of all who fell, numbering one hundred and twenty-five.

Editorial.

W. M. MARRINER, Esq., has withdrawn from the management of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC. As an ex-Confederate soldier, he is interested in the success of the publication, and will take great pleasure in receiving contributions for its columns.

WE have received the report of the Association of the Twenty-Eighth and One Hundred and Forty-Seventh Regiments Infantry, Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers. It gives the history in brief of the campaigns of those commands, and should be in the hands of the members wherever they may be scattered throughout the South. Address Colonel John P. Nicholson, Secretary, No. 139 South Seventh street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

THE COLORED Convention recently assembled in Louisville, displayed an aggressiveness upon popular sentiment that is a sign of the times. The speakers demanded perfect equality, social as well as political. Bishop Campbell, of the Philadelphia African Church, raised a perfect tempest while speaking. He portrayed with great power the boyhood of Lincoln, and when he described him as an humble hireling, lifted above his condition by noble aspirations, he asked what black boy of South Carolina but had the same right to dream of filling the highest office of the republic; a loud response of "None" was made from the audience. Without doubt, it was an assembly of not only intelligent but well-trained colored speakers; a body, considering the race represented, remarkable for a kind of forum culture, and still more so for the bold utterance of opinion.

The disasters of war and the calamities of a forced peace have not broken the spirit of the South, because they were regarded as the dispensations of a Providence "who doeth all things well;" but they have taught the South a philosophy that faces all possibilities, and enables them to look perhaps with more calmness into the future than their brethren of the North. They are not blind to the fact that

amalgamation may yet be the slogan of a future party, but all they do is to put it down as one of the possible factors of our manifest destiny. A good deal might be said upon this point of the light shed by history, but we turn away from the revolting subject with a sigh for the future of our race.

During the convention all colored soldiers who fought in the suppression "of the great rebellion" were registered. From the sentiments of the speakers, of one thing we may rest assured: that if our literature is to be molded and our national councils are to be dominated by the coming scions of the African stock, the name of Confederate will probably be a synonym for all that is infamous and despicable. If we do not see to the making of our own history, our only hope for justice will be in the magnanimity of a generous North.

At Weirs, New Hampshire, on September 11, was held the Seventh Annual Reunion of the New Hampshire Veterans. On the third day more than twenty thousand people assembled. There was an exciting sham fight we learn, in which the Rebs after making a most desperate fight, were finally dislodged by the irresistible valor of the Union soldiers. At one time the issue seemed doubtful and so intense was the anxiety of the bystanders while fate trembled in the balance, that it was difficult to prevent them from rushing to the aid of the Union troops. There was fun and glory for all and a liberal spirit was evinced by the speakers, one of whom was an ex-Rebel. One sentiment which was highly applauded is the only one that the most critical might take exception to; that was uttered by G. W. Bruce. He said, "The time was coming when the descendants of those who fought under Jackson and Beauregard, and the descendants of those who fought under Meade, Grant, and Sheridan should recall with equal regret and amazement, that the ancestors of the South should have ever lifted a hand to blot out a single star that once glittered upon the azure field of the flag." Would it not have been truer prophecy had he said, "should recall with no regret a war which served to glorify American citizenship and to reveal the depth of Americans' love for the principles of constitutional liberty."

In the present number there is a brief account of the fight at Missionary Ridge. Few of the details are given except as to the events occurring on the extreme Confederate right. In the Novem-

ber number it is proposed to publish from the reports and contributions of eye-witnesses, a more extended narrative of the general action, with a diagram showing the position of each body of troops. Because it was a great disaster to the Southern cause, is no reason why the truth should not be handed down. We can afford, after so long an interval, to recall even the unpleasant part of it, and surely we should rescue from oblivion the heroic deeds that were done to stay the tide of defeat. All, therefore, who can give any information that will shed light upon it are asked to contribute their mite.

The general officers may not be disposed to tell what they know as to Bragg's plans, lest it may work harm where none is intended; but surely they can speak of the action as they saw it, and reveal those facts which must be had, before the truth of history can be written and Confederate honor vindicated. It is the impression of not a few that the Federal force, on that occasion, outnumbered the Confederates five to one. If so, where were the rest that should have been there? At any rate let us have the truth. If the glory of the day was due to Federal valor, let us admit it and be proud of our common citizenship with the brave men, who under Thomas, stormed the heights of Missionary Ridge and planted the old flag upon its summit.

THE following "incident" related by an eye-witness shows that the bitterness of war does not always extinguish the gentle memories of peace:

"Before the war, Gilmore's Band paid a visit to Richmond, Virginia, in company with the De Molay Encampment Knights Templars, of Boston. Among other bodies who entertained the visitors with bounteous hospitality, were the Richmond Blues, a gallant military corps about a hundred strong. Gilmore's Band became quite intimate with the Blues, and frequently during their visit responded to toasts by playing the popular refrain, 'Carry Me Back to Ole Virginy.' During the first year of the war, and among the earliest captures for the Union army was Roanoke Island, in North Carolina, where, after a two days' struggle, over three thousand prisoners were captured by the Burnside expedition. Gilmore's Band was with the expedition, and among the prisoners taken were the Richmond Blues. Cordial was the greeting and great the surprise between Band and Blues, and when the latter were leaving the island and boarding one of Uncle Sam's steamers to pay a visit to one of

his forts, Gilmore's Band struck up 'Carry Me Back to Ole Virginia,' and the refrain brought tears as well as cheers from many beside the Blues among the thousands of soldiers on both sides who had witnessed the scene and had heard of the Richmond festivities in which the Band and their departing prisoner guests had taken part under such different auspices about a year before."

Friday, the 12th inst., being Virginia Day, there was a goodly representation from the old State. They could not feel like strangers in a strange land, for is not Kentucky Virginia's first born and her fairest daughter? Still they were far from home and, perhaps, overcome by the unexpected grandeur of a "western Exposition."

Right grateful was it then to hear Gilmore's Band among the first pieces of the concert play, "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginia." The applausive thunder which followed meant something more than appreciation of the music. When toward the close "Ole Virginia" was repeated, the compliment was overpowering.

APROPOS of Gilmore's Band we are reminded of a story of another Gilmer's Band of war memory, so-called after the name of its leader, Harry Gilmer, of Baltimore. The story is given as it was told by the famous Harry himself:

"Upon a certain occasion the Band captured a train on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. After search, it was found that no government money was on board. As the Band was 'hard up' the passengers were requested to make a small contribution. One of the victims was a Roman Catholic priest. He pretended to be asleep, but was waked up and asked to give something for charity's sake.

'Who and what are you?' said the priest.

'We are Gilmer's Band,' was the reply.

The father with a sigh pulled out his purse saying, 'From Gilmer's Band, the Lord deliver us!'"

The following names have been added to our list of subscribers since September 1st:

New York: Colonel R. H. Martin, Brooklyn; P. Kemble, jr., New York City.

Pennsylvania: Colonel John P. Nicholson, Philadelphia.

Ohio: E. C. Dawes, Cincinnati.

Kansas: George J. Ashbaugh, Elk City.

District of Columbia: Colonel Marshall McDonald, Washington.

Missouri: Hon. James E. Weller, Stanley.

Georgia: Charles Herbst, Macon; General T. G. French, Columbus; Captain A. J. Pursley, Macon.

Louisiana: Colonel T. A. Faries, Baton Rouge; P. N. Streng, New Orleans.

Mississippi: General G. C. Walthal, Grenada; Captain R. J. Sharp, Ashland.

Virginia: A. M. Moore, J. H. Payne, John O. Crown, Dr. Cyrus McCormack, George Glass, S. J. C. Moore, Berryville.

West Virginia: Bushrod C. Washington, Charlestown; John T. Pierce, Burlington; E. Russell, S. S. Flournoy, G. W. Parsons, Isaac Parsons, Major John C. Covill, Rev. G. W. Finley, Colonel A. Monroe, Wm. Montgomery, Isaac T. Brady, Frank Shingeton, Wm. Maloney, Romney; Wm. Loy, Hampshire County.

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Illinois: George S. Essex, Chicago.

Tennessee: J. W. Sparks, Murfreesboro.

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SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, is a monthly magazine, published under the auspices of the Southern Historical Society, of Louisville, Ky., and was established to preserve in book form such history and reminiscences of the war as those only who took part in it can furnish. In works now published are found accounts of the movements of armies and the great battles of the war, made up principally from official reports. The object of the magazine is to supplement these by accounts which picture the soldier on the march, in camp, as well as *in* the field, his talks around the bivouac fire, foraging exploits, jokes, rations, wounds, hospital and prison life, sufferings, and his heroism and devotion to country amid it all.

Those, who in '64 and '65 were called boys, are growing old, and they owe to their children, dead comrades, their country, and themselves, that these things which made the substance and spirit of war life should not die with them. They should aid this enterprise by their subscription and contributions to its columns which are open to all, especially to old soldiers. And last, but not least, they should preserve the noble deeds of the daughters of the South, who were the "power behind the throne," the unseen force, that not only nursed the sick and wounded, but clothed and fed the soldiers, drove the skulks back to camp, and inspired the brave with more than Spartan courage.

Its contents will include, besides the papers of historic interest read before the Association, short stories of the war, sketches of soldiers distinguished in battle, poetry, notices of individual heroism on either side, and a select miscellany of other articles, making it interesting to the old soldier, instructive and entertaining to those growing up around him.

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